

# The Mirror

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## The New Corn Exchange.



OUR engraving represents the façade of the New Corn Exchange, just completed, in Mark Lane. The ordonnance adopted in this building is the *Greek Doric*—of singular elegance and purity—and as classical as the most critical disciple of Vitruvius could wish:

—By Greece refined,  
And smiling high to high perfection brought.

Indeed, the accuracy of its details almost corresponds with the *fora* of the ancients, except that its halls are appropriated to the Philosophy of Statistics, or of those provoking items *£. s. d.*—and its speculations restricted to the Smiths and the Malthuses of our days.\* Nevertheless, as we are friends to “ornament,” we do

not quarrel with the architect of the New Corn Exchange,

For putting on so new a fashioned robe; but we rather object to see such architectural beauty as is displayed in the above engraving, pent up in one of the narrowest of our city lanes, and consequently concealed from all who are not directly concerned in the business of the building. Besides, we are tempted to this objection, when we see one of our national theatres stripped of ornament, and the houses of many of our nobility rather resembling factories than abodes of rank and opulence; whilst we have a corn market as classical as an university, and sufficiently correct for a temple of Ceres.

The façade consists of a peristyle of six fluted Doric columns; with two rectangular ends, with thin corresponding

\* They do not even say “*Vili venit triticum*,” but “*Wheat’s low*.”

pilasters at the angles. In the frieze, Greek laurel wreaths have been substituted for the triglyphs, to avoid an interference with the proportions, &c., and with the purity of the Greek style, which is best shown in colossal dimensions, although, in the present instance, the architect, Mr. Smith, has successfully adapted the building for a confined situation.

Above the central part of the building is a bold representation of the Royal Arms, grouped with a plough, rake, and other implemental emblems of husbandry; and over the windows of the basement story, (lighting the coffee and sale rooms) are decorations of the latter description. The arches which surmount the wings or ends of the building contribute much to its tasteful effect, and as in many similar recent buildings in the metropolis, relieve the massiveness of the other portions of the structure.

It may be necessary to acquaint some of our readers who are only familiar with the "MARK LANE" of the Newspapers, that the Corn Exchange stands between Tower and Fenchurch-streets. On their road to the Mint, the Tower of London, St. Katherine's and other Docks, the lionizing public will find it worth while to pay a passing visit to this elegant specimen of modern art; especially as it is a place which brings up many grateful associations for country friends.

### ANTIQUITY OF AUCTIONS.

(For the Mirror.)

AMONG the ancient Romans, auctions were performed by the public crier "*sub hasta*;" that is, under a spear stuck up on that occasion, and by some magistrate, who made good the sale by delivery of the goods. The custom of setting up a spear at an auction seems to have been derived from this circumstance,—that at first only those things which were taken in war were sold in that manner. The day, and sometimes the hour, and the terms of the auction, were advertised, either by the common crier, or in writing; and there were courts in the forum where auctions were made. A money-broker, "*argentarius*," was also present, who marked down what was bidden, and to whom the purchasers either paid down the price, or gave security for it. The seller was called "*auctor*," and the right of property conveyed to the purchaser was called "*auctoritas*."

The first auction in England was about 1700, by Elisha Yale, a governor of Fort George, in the East Indies, of the goods he brought home with him. P. T. W.

### Ancient Roman Festivals.

JUNE.

THE *Vestalia* were festivals in honour of Vesta, observed at Rome on the 5th of the Ides of June, or the 9th of that month. Banquets were then prepared before the houses, and meat was sent to the vestals to be offered to the gods; millstones were decked with garlands, and the asses that turned them were led round the city covered with garlands. The ladies walked in the procession barefooted to the temple of the goddess, and an altar was erected to Jupiter, surnamed Pistor.

The *Matralia* was a festival at Rome in honour of Matuta, or Ino, held on the 11th of June. Only matrons and free-born women were admitted. They made offerings of flowers, and carried their relations' children in their arms, recommending them to the care of the goddess whom they worshipped.

The *Fabaria* were festivals in honour of Carna, wife of Janus, which took place in the calends of June, when beans were presented to her as an oblation, being then first ripe. She was the goddess who presided over hinges, and the vital parts of mankind, and had a temple on Mount Caelus.

P. T. W.

### HISTORY OF CLOCKS AND WATCHES.

(For the Mirror.)

(Continued from page 369.)

A NEW great clock for Canterbury Cathedral is mentioned to have been put up in 1292, and to have cost 30*l*. The first clock at Bologna was put up in 1356. In 1364 Charles V. of France caused a large clock to be placed in the tower of his palace. In 1370 Strasburg had a clock.\* Courtray was celebrated for its clock, 1382. A public clock was put up at Spire, 1395. Hubert, prince of Carara, caused the first clock ever publicly erected to be put up at Padua; it was made by James Dondi, whose family afterwards got the name of *Horologia*. The next mention of *horologia*, or clocks, is in *Rymer's Fædera*, where there is a protection of Edward III. (1368) to three Dutchmen from Delft, who were *orlogiers*. That clock-makers were really wanted at this period may be inferred from the following lines of Chaucer, when he speaks of a cock's crowing:—

"Full sikerer was his crowing in his loge,  
As is a clock or an abbey orloge;"

\* For a view, and further description of this wonderful piece of mechanism, see the *Mirror*, Nos. 77 and 80.

by which our old poet means to say, that the crowing was as certain as a bell or abbey clock.

For although we at present ask so often, "What is it o'clock?" (meaning the time-measurer,) yet it seems that in the fourteenth century, *clock* was often applied to a bell, which was rung at certain periods, determined by the sun-dial or hour-glass. Nor does there appear any passage which alludes to a clock by that name earlier than the 13th of Henry VIII. Lydgate, therefore, who wrote before the time of that monarch, says,

"I will myself be your *orlogerie*  
To-morrow early."

*Prologue to the Story of Thebes.*

And Shakspeare, in his *Othello*, has the same term, which proves its use to have been retained as late as the reign of Elizabeth:—

"He'll watch the *horologe* a double set,  
If drink rock not his cradle."

In the recently-published *History of Holyrood Palace*, there is a view of an old *horologe* now standing in its garden.

That fine specimen of ancient clock-making in Wells Cathedral is to this day called the *horologe*. It was constructed by Peter Lightfoot, one of the monks of Glastonbury, about the year 1325, and is of a complicated design and ingenious execution. It was originally put up in that celebrated monastery, and was placed in the south transept; and by means of a communication, tolled the hours on the great bell of the central tower, whilst the quarters were struck by automata on two small bells in the transept. The dial shows the hours, and also the changes of the moon, the solar and other astronomical motions; on its summit there is a horizontal frame-work, which exhibits, by aid of machinery, eight knights on horseback, armed for a tournament, and pursuing each other with a rapid rotatory motion. At the reformation, this clock was removed from Glastonbury Abbey to its present situation in Wells Cathedral.

The famous astronomical clock, made by one of our countrymen (Richard of Wallingford, abbot of St. Alban's) in the reign of Richard II., continued to go until the reign of Henry VIII., at which time it is mentioned in high terms of admiration by Leland, saying that all Europe could not produce such another. This celebrated piece of mechanism was called *Albion* by the inventor. It represented the motions of the sun, moon, and stars, and the ebbing and flowing of the sea, and, in short, the figures, operations, and effects of all the heavenly bodies. The inventor had begun this clock early in life, and then neglected it; but being

encouraged by the king, (Edward II.,) when at the abbey on a visit, he resumed the work, and this royal exhortation made him very diligent in the execution; for, he would say, "though the abbey wants repairs, my successors may be able to build walls and mend tilings, but none, I believe, except myself, can ever finish this clock." This Richard of Wallingford was the son of a blacksmith, and derived his name from the place of his birth, as was the common practice; for no man was distinguished by his family name. He was bereft of his parents at ten years of age; on which the prior of Wallingford, taking compassion on the boy, took him under his care, and finding him to possess a docile genius, prepared him for the University of Oxford; and on the 30th of October, 1326, he was elected abbot of St. Alban's, succeeding his friend and patron, Hugo, the twenty-seventh abbot.

The clock in Exeter Cathedral was erected by Bishop Courtenay in the year 1480. It is on the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, and of a curious construction for the age in which it was put up. The earth is represented by a globe in the centre; the sun by a fleur-de-lis; and the moon by a ball, painted half black and half white, which turns on its axis, and shows the different phases of that luminary.

In Pilkington's *History of Dale Abbey, Derbyshire*, it says, "that when John Staunton and the other monks surrendered the abbey in 1539, the abbey-clock sold for six shillings."

The oldest clock we have now in England, that is supposed to go tolerably, is of the year 1540, the initial letters of the maker's name being N. O. It is in the palace of Hampton Court. In the *Times* newspaper, Feb. 1827, an advertisement appeared for the "sale of a valuable and curious clock for 20*l.*, to go for twelve months." It stated that three only of these rare clocks were ever made; one at Hampton Court, one in a nobleman's family, and the other at the advertiser's.

In June, 1826, a discovery was made of the *chef d'œuvre* of the celebrated Tompion, which had been so long lost. It was made for "The Society for Philosophical Transactions," and is a year-going clock. It is a singular circumstance, that a record exists, which states that Tompion was at work on this clock when the great plague broke out in London; and, on the day he finished it, he himself was attacked with the pestilence. His friends removed him to the continent, where he died. On the dial there is this inscription:—"Sir James Moore caused

this movement to be made with great care, anno domini 1676, by Thomas Tompion." Tompion was paid one hundred guineas, and the clock was removed to the society's house, and there, in the confusion of the moment, it was placed in the lumber-room, where it lay without a case, exactly a century and a half. One thing wonderful attended this discovery—all the steel pins, on being cleared from dust, were found to be as brilliant as ever.

The late Lord Orford had a clock in his possession at Strawberry-Hill, which appears by the inscription to have been a present from Henry VIII. to Anne Bullen. Poynt, bishop of Winchester, likewise gave an astronomical clock to the same king.

Mr. Gainsborough, a dissenting minister, at Henley-upon-Thames, who died October 27, 1775, aged 64, made a clock of peculiar construction. It told the hour by a little ball, and was kept in motion by a leaden bullet, which dropped from a spiral reservoir at the top of the clock into a little ivory bucket. This was so contrived as to discharge it at the bottom, and, by means of a counter-weight, was carried up to the top of the clock, where it received another bullet, which was discharged as the former. This was evidently an attempt at the perpetual motion, which he thought attainable. This clock was presented to Mr. Philip Thicknesse, who gave it to the British Museum, where it is now deposited.

William Kennedy, the celebrated blind mechanic, of Banbridge, co. Down, Ireland, who died about the year 1790, actually made many clocks, common and musical.

Among the recent inventions which have sprung out of the ingenuity of our Parisian neighbours is a curious one of making *clocks of paper*. These *horologes, ou pendules en carton*, are asserted to be an improvement on metallic machinery. They never require oil, are wonderfully light, very simple in their movements, and possess many other advantages. "A friend of ours," says the editor of the *Literary Gazette*, June 3, 1836, "who has seen them, informs us they are really very clever, go well for thirty hours without winding up, and cost only fifty francs."

*Illuminated Clock Dials*, showing the hour at any time of the night, were, on April 23, 1827, first exhibited at the church of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, London, the ingenious invention of Mr. Paine, for which he received a silver medal from the Society of Arts, June 4, 1827.

WATCHES are not of such ancient invention as clocks, but were made much

earlier than has been generally supposed. This fact was proved some years since by a discovery made by some labourers, who, being employed at Bruce Castle, in Fife-shire, found there a watch, together with some coin, both of which they disposed of to a shopkeeper at St. Andrew's, who sent the watch to his brother in London, considering it a curious piece of antiquity, and from whom it came into the possession of his late majesty. The outer case of this very curious relic of antiquity was of silver, raised, in rather a handsome pattern, over a ground of blue enamel, with the ciphers, very indistinct, of R. B. at each corner of the enched work. On the dial-plate was written *Robertus B. Rex Scottorum*, and over it was a thin, convex, transparent horn, instead of the glasses which we use at present. Robert Bruce, king of Scotland, to whom this watch evidently belonged, died in 1328, a date far beyond that generally assigned to this species of invention. What is singular, this watch is not much larger than those now in common use. In the sixteenth century they were made much smaller.

Derham (in his *Artificial Clock-Maker*, published 1714) mentions a watch of Henry VIII. which was still in order; and Dr. Demainbray affirmed, that he had heard both Sir Isaac Newton and Demouivre speak of this watch.

The Emperor Charles V. (Henry's contemporary) had a watch in the jewel of his ring; and he was so much pleased with these time-measurers, that he used to sit after his dinner with several watches on the table, his bottle before him in the centre; and when he retired to the monastery of St. Just, he continued still to amuse himself by keeping them in order, which is said to have produced a reflection from him on the absurdity of his attempt to regulate the motions of the different powers of Europe. Some of the watches used at this time seem to have been *strickers*; at least we find in the *Memoirs of Literature*, that such watches having been stolen both from Charles V. and Louis XI. of France whilst they were in a crowd, the thief was detected by their striking the hour.

In the elector of Saxony's stables is to be seen a watch in the pommel of his saddle.

In most of the more ancient watches, particularly those in the late Leverian collection, and that of Mr. Ingram Foster, catgut supplied the place of a chain, whilst they were commonly of a smaller size than we use at present, and often of an oval form. And Panchrollus informs us, that about the end of the fifteenth century

watches were made no larger than an almond, by a man whose name was Mercuricide.

From these and many other imperfections they were not in any degree of general request, till the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign; accordingly, in Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, Malvolio says, "I frown the while, and perchance wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel."

In the 3rd of James I. a watch was found upon Guy Fawkes, which he and Percy had bought the day before, "to try conclusions for the long and short burning of the touchwood, with which they had prepared to give fire to the train of powder."

In 1631, Charles I. incorporated the clock-makers, and the charter prohibits *clocks, watches, and alarms* from being exported, which sufficiently proves that they were now more commonly used, as well as that we had artists of our own who were expert in this branch of business.

About the middle of the seventeenth century Huygens made his great improvement in clock-work, which produced many others from our own countrymen, the latest of which was the introduction of *repeating watches* in the time of Charles II., who is said to have sent one of the first of these new inventions to Louis XIV.

The former of these kings was very curious with regard to these watches; and an old person of the trade, many years since, was heard to say, he remembered that the watch-makers (particularly East) used to attend whilst he was playing at the *mall*, a watch being often the stake. And a more curious anecdote still, of royal attention to watches, is told in Dr. Derham's *Artificial Clock-Maker*. One Barlow had procured a patent, in concert with the Lord Chief Justice Allebone, for *repeaters*; but Quare, (another maker,) making one at the same time, upon ideas he had entertained before the patent was granted, James II. tried both, and giving the preference to Quare's, it was notified in the *Gazette*.

In the succeeding reign, the reputation of the English work in this branch was such, that in the year 1698 an act passed, obliging the makers to put their names on watches, lest discreditable ones might be sold abroad for English.

Bermondsey.

GEO. SMEETON.

### SANDWICH.

(For the Mirror.)

SANDWICH is a considerable town and port, situated at the distance of sixty-

eight miles from London, and about two miles from the sea, in the county of Kent. It is the second of the cinque-ports, and unquestionably a place of very great antiquity. The town is surrounded by a ditch; and the remains of a wall with breast works, are still to be seen, as are several gates, three of which are in a perfect condition. The first of these gates is known by the name of Woodnesborough-gate, from its leading to a little village of that name, about two miles from the town; the second is called the New-gate; and the third, which leads to Canterbury, bears the name of that city.

The town-hall is a very spacious building, surrounded by a wall, through which a passage is formed of an arched gate. The first apartment which the stranger enters, is the hall; which is very ancient and commodious. The motto on the chair of justice is—

"Justitia Virtutum regina."

Immediately above the hall is the council chamber, in which is placed a chair for the mayor; seats for the other magistrates are ranged round a table. In many small apartments are found a great variety of ancient guns, spears and swords, all remarkably heavy, though exceedingly neat in the workmanship. But the most curious collection of antiques is in a long apartment at the top of the building; this room is filled up with huge and heavy armour, and drums and trumpets of an extraordinary size. There is also to be seen an old commodious side-saddle, a present from Queen Elizabeth when she visited Sandwich. Here, too, were formerly portraits of distinguished personages, particularly one of the Earl of Leicester, Elizabeth's favourite, in a court dress, and one of Cromwell, who is represented in the armour which he wore at the battle of Naseby, in 1645.

Among the charitable institutions of Sandwich, may be mentioned the hospital of St. Bartholomew, situated at a small distance without the New-gate; it has the appearance rather of a village than a charitable foundation, for it consists of sixteen small but convenient houses, each of which has a large private garden. In the centre of these houses is a church, in which are buried the remains of the founder, to whose memory a monument has been erected, bearing the following inscription:—

"Here lies interred Sir Henry Sandwich, knight, founder of this hospital; and Sir Nicholas Sandwich his son."

Near Canterbury-gate is the free-school, founded by Sir Roger Manwood, knight. It is a very capacious erection, surround-

ed by a court-yard before, and extensive gardens behind. It was in this school that the spirited Queen Elizabeth dined, when she honoured Sandwich with her presence: the number of dishes which were used at the entertainment amounted to one hundred and fifty, all served up by the mayor and jurats, assisted by their ladies.

A flannel manufactory flourished at Sandwich many years ago, and afforded employment for vast numbers of the poor inhabitants. The flannel was esteemed preferable to any made in other parts of the kingdom, though the manufacturers of it were but little encouraged.

Of late years, Sandwich has been rendered extremely pleasant and inviting; for, being near the sea, and containing several places of public amusement, it is greatly frequented by people of fortune from London and other parts. The air is pure, and there are many beautiful and picturesque walks, which environ the town on every side. The river is embellished with verdant banks, and the cliffs of Ramsgate appear charmingly conspicuous, as does almost the whole of the island of Thanet. G. W. N.

#### EPITAPH

*On a young Greek, buried in Tottenham Church-yard.*

*(To the Editor of the Mirror.)*

SIR,—Perhaps you may deem the following not unworthy your notice. Probably some of your Tottenham readers can furnish you with some particulars, both of the author, whose friendly tribute is too chaste to need that he should “blush to find it fame,” and the little Greek, whose premature death he so feelingly laments.

Far from his native Greece, the mortal part

Of Constantine Sotiris, here was laid,  
Almost ere childhood melted into youth.  
Bold, wild, and free the little Suliote came

To England's shores, a student:—and his soul

All knowledge, save of ill, with eager joy

Received. But, chiefly, with a spirit's thirst

He drank the waters of immortal life.

Meek, holy, calm the little Suliote died:  
His last breath murmur'd, in his country's tongue,

The name of mother.—'Twas a father's death

(Sad tidings told him in this foreign land)

First bade him droop:—no hand of relative

Closed his sad eyes; yet left he here  
True friends, whom his sweet gentleness had found,

And one of these inscribes this humble stone.

*Obiit. Aprilis 17, 1827.*

*Circiter ætatis 13.*

#### NATURAL HISTORY OF THE SALMON.\*

THE salmon is a very prolific fish; both male and female are frequently fit for propagation during the first year of their age. The roe of the female is found, on an average, to contain from 17,000 to 20,000 ova or eggs. During the months of August, September, and October, the reproductive organs, both of the male and female salmon, have more or less completely reached maturity, at which period the instinct of propagation impels them eagerly to seek rivers, and to ascend nearly to their sources, in order to find a place suitable for the deposition of their spawn. They no longer, as in the winter and spring months, roam over the coast and shores, and return backwards and forwards with the flowing and ebbing of the tide, but pursue the most direct route by the mid-channel up the river, and make the greatest efforts to overcome every obstacle, either natural or artificial, that may impede their progress. The spawning is accomplished in the months of November, December, and January. When the parent fishes have reached the spawning ground, they proceed to the shallow water, generally in the morning, or at twilight in the evening, where they play round the ground two of them together. After a turn, they begin to make a furrow, by working up the gravel with their noses rather against the stream; as a salmon cannot work with his head down the stream, for the water going then into his gills the wrong way, drowns him. When the furrow is made, the male and female return to a little distance, one to the one, and the other to the other, side of the furrow. They then throw themselves upon their sides, again come together, and rubbing against each other, both shed their spawn into the furrow at the same time. This process is not completed at once; as the eggs of the roe must be excluded individually, and from eight to twelve days are required for completing the operation. When this process is over, they betake themselves to the pools to recruit themselves. The spawn thus deposited is afterwards covered with loose gravel; and, in this

\* See also page 248.



state, the ova remain for weeks, or sometimes much longer, apparently, inert like seeds buried in the soil. In an early spring, the fry come forth early, and later when the spring is late. Generally, they begin to rise from the bed about the beginning of March, and their first movement is usually completed by the middle of April. The appearance which they present is that of a thick braid of grain rushing up in vast numbers. The tall first comes up, and the young animals often leave the bed with a portion of the investing membrane of the ovum about their heads. From experiments that were made upon the roe, it appears, that they can only be hatched in fresh water; for, when a portion of the roe was put into salt water, none of the ova ever came into life; and, when a young fish that had been hatched in fresh water, was put into salt water, it shewed symptoms of uneasiness, and died in a few hours. When the evolution from the ova is completed, the young fry keep at first in the eddy pools, till they gain strength, and then prepare to go down the river, remaining near its sides, and proceeding on their way till they meet the salt water, when they disappear. The descent begins in the month of March, continues through April, and a part of May, and sometimes even till June. The reason why the fry thus descend by the margin in rivers, and the mid-channel in estuaries, is apparently, according to Dr. Fleming, because the margin of the river is the easy water, and consequently best suited to their young and weak state; but when they reach the estuary or tide-way, then the margin of the water being the most disturbed, the fry avoid it, and betake themselves to the deepest part of the channel, disappearing alike from observation and capture, and so go out to sea. After remaining some weeks at sea, the smolts or samlets, as the fry are called, return again to the coasts and rivers, having attained a pound to a pound and a half of weight; by the middle of June they weigh from two to three pounds, and are said to increase half a pound in weight every week. They are now known in Scotland by the name of grilse, and by the end of the fishing season they have attained the size of seven or eight pounds. In the first five months of its existence, that is from April to August, both inclusive, it may be stated that the salmon reaches, in favourable circumstances, eight pounds weight, and afterwards increases, though more slowly, yet so as to have acquired the weight of thirty-five pounds in thirty-three months. After the process of spawning is completed in

the river, the parent fish retire to the adjoining pools to recruit. In two or three weeks from that time, the male begins to seek his way down the river; the female remains longer about the spawning ground, sometimes till April or May. The fishes which have thus spawned are denominated *kelts*. In their progress to the sea, when they reach the estuary, they pursue a course precisely similar to the fry, not roaming about the banks like clean fish, but keeping in the mid-channel. They are at this time comparatively weak, and in thus betaking themselves to the deepest parts of the channel, they are better able to resist the deranging effects of the flood-tide, and to take advantage of the ebb-tide in accelerating their migration to the sea. It appears that some which descend as *kelts* in spring, return again in autumn in breeding condition, a recovery which is no less remarkable than the early growth of these animals. The sea seems to be the element in which the salmon feeds and grows. When caught in fresh water, not only is their condition comparatively poor, but scarcely anything is ever found in their stomachs. In estuaries and on coasts, on the other hand, they feed abundantly, and their stomachs are often found full of sand-eels.—*Edin. New Phil. Journal.*

## Old Poets.

### TRANSLATION.

HYMN TO VENUS, BY METASTASIO,

From the Epithalamium written by him, at Naples, in the year 1732, in celebration of the marriage of Signor D. Giambattista FILOMAMINO, Prince della Bocca, with the Lady Vittoria CARACIOLA, Daughter of the Marquis St. Eramo.

In the glow of thy splendour  
Descend from above,  
O beautiful mother  
Of beautiful love!  
For, queen! from thy birth  
Thou solely wert given  
The delight of the earth,  
And the glory of heaven.

Love darts from each glance  
Of thy life-kindling eyes,  
Reviving each seed  
In earth's bosom that lies:  
Delight dost thou shed  
All around: e'en the sea  
Doth spurn her cold bed  
And is fertile through thee.

From thy soft starry smile  
The clouds vanish away,  
And the winds in their caves  
No terrors display:  
For thee the young flowers  
Peep upward from earth,  
Sweet queen of the hours!  
In the joy of their birth.

For thee the fierce wrath  
Of old Ocean is gone,  
And his still, smiling waters  
Roll placidly on;

Not a cloud o'er his surface,  
Not a frown on his brow,  
For his mistress, his ruler,  
Sweet goddess! art thou.

The diamond lamps  
Of yon sapphire sky,  
By thee in the heavens  
Suspended on high,  
With their tremulous light,  
On thy order intent,  
From the form of old Night  
His cold mantle hath rent.

On the Zephyrs' approach,  
How the children of Spring,  
The birds, thy sweet praises  
Incessantly sing!  
Though their songs breathe their homage,  
And thy bounties adore,  
There's a voice in their bosoms  
That worships thee more.

By thee is the ring-dove  
Protected from danger,  
And her young callow brood  
From the hawk and the rafter:  
The fierce pard for thee  
Her cavern forsakes,  
And the blood-spotted tiger  
To gentleness wakes.

From thee is the wonder  
Of nature—mankind!  
His glory, his beauty  
Of form and of mind:  
From thy spirit is all  
That may excellence claim:  
Even this love-girdled ball  
From thy breath, goddess! came.

Then, in the glow of thy splendour,  
Descend from above,  
O beautiful mother  
Of beautiful Love!  
For, queen! from thy birth  
Thou solely wert given  
The delight of the earth  
And the glory of heaven!—*David Lyndsay.*

#### POETRY, PAINTING, AND MUSIC.

—If I could choose  
My after-heaven, when high imperial Death,  
The lord of liberty, hath set me free  
From this earth's trammels, it should be to dwell

In scenes of Poussin's painting; groves and  
valleys  
Of the stern ancient world;—high rocks, whose  
brows

Are crowned by a temple-diadem:  
Dark woods of giant oak, whose mighty shades  
Veil from rude eyes the sacred form of Pan,  
Whose temple is ALL NATURE: solemn  
clouds

Above us, softening the too bright glow  
Of a most glorious sun; and the still air  
Become the very throne of silence. Such  
The world of Poussin's painting! In such scenes,  
Lighting them with the wild majestic fire  
Of thine enraptur'd eye—thee, Eschylus,  
Enthroned I would place: and by thy side,  
The blind old man—that bird of Paradise!  
Who saw, with his mind's eye, the earliest world,  
And sung its beauties to our ravish'd sense:  
And last, thee—master-spirit of thine age  
And ours! thou glorious star, shot from the  
heaven

Of heaven-instructed bards! our own, the best  
Of that immortal triad!—thee I'd call  
Unto that seat of eminence: to come  
With that inspir'd glow which lit thy brow  
When thou didst give existence to the scene  
Of the crown'd murderer, noother to the deed  
Of blood his word-won vassal. Thus enthron'd,  
Sublimely should ye rest! And o'er the scene,  
Corelli's shade should pour the solemn flow  
Of his majestic harmony—a strain,  
Fit for a world like this! *David Lyndsay.*

#### Notes of a Reader.

##### HOT SPRINGS,

Says Berzelius, occur in the vicinity of all active volcanoes; it is, therefore, probable that such waters owe their temperature to their passage through channels heated by volcanic fire.

THERE are upwards of six hundred portraits in the present exhibition of the Royal Academy. In the sculpture room, out of eighty works forty-eight are portraits! Barry, the painter, used to exclaim, with the frenzy of an enthusiast, and the gusto of an Hibernian, that the rooms of the Royal Academy were, in his time, prostituted to nothing but "representations of deal boards and dead mackerel, and other such debasing and human matters."

THE late Lord Bristol, bishop of Derry, made a curious bargain for Cammucini's painting of "a garden of Eden." He agreed to give for it 100*l.* annually for ten years, provided he lived so long; but in case of his death during that period, the picture was to be restored to the painter. His lordship lived only eight years, so that it again became the property of the artist, who sent it to England a few years ago, and it is said to have been sold by Mr. Phillips, for 45*l.*

MR. D'Israeli, in his Commentaries on Charles I. has the following quaint lampoon on the celebrated Lord Clarendon:

When Queen Dido landed, she bought as much ground

As the *Hyde* of a lusty fat bull would surround;  
But when the said *Hyde* was cut into thongs,  
A city and a kingdom to *Hyde* belongs:  
So here, in court, church, and country, far and wide,

Here's nought to be seen but *Hyde! Hyde!*

*Hyde!*  
Of old, and where law the kingdom divides,  
'Twas our *Hydes* of land, 'tis now *Land* of  
*Hydes!*

##### LIVING IN LONDON AND PARIS.

A MAN of limited income, say 1,000*l.* a year, or under, will find that his accounts, at the end of the twelve months, are much the same, in London and Paris. When he gets beyond that sum he cuts a figure—*quasi* a figure—at much smaller expense. The man of 3,000*l.* a year being nobody here, and having it in his power to be somebody there. But this is done by not attempting what is voted necessary in London. Nobody gives dinners on anything of an expensive scale—and soirees cost nothing. There are no New-markets—no clubs—no country seats—



no hunting-boxes—none of the thousand-and-one ways of getting rid of money we have invented for relieving us of the superfluous metal. If we could persuade ourselves that living in London as they do in Paris was the thing, we should find it could be done as easily here as there, but that cannot be.

In the same way in travelling—a boy gets to Paris, and is much astonished to find that he can drink wine—actual wine—for a franc a bottle—that champagne under a dozen names, all astonishing to him, can sparkle in his glass from three to eight. Then the fine words—*sauté*—*pique*—*aux truffes*—*salmi*—*bavaroise*—*mayonnaise*—*bechamel*—which stare at him in the *carte*, at prices so very moderate—the highest not more than four or five francs, astonish him—and he thinks with indignation on the guinea dinners of England, where he had only beef, and mutton, and soup, and fish, and fowl, and port, and sherry—all plain plebeian things, with the most common-place of names. Here again, live as they do in Paris, and you will find it cheaper here. Give up the joint and take to the chop—forewear thick potatoes, and swear by Charles Wright, and the difference will be apparent. In point of fact, you pay enormously for the scraps you get in France—a pennyworth of cookery costs you ten-pence. But then to be sure, as a hairdresser once said, when his customer thought he charged rather too much—“But then, sir, consider the science.”

*London Mag.*

#### THE IRISH POOR.

THE Irish poor, (says a writer in the *London Magazine*), have warmer feelings of relationship than any other people. I have found what even might be termed sentimental delicacy of feeling amongst those who have not only been reduced to the last stage of living by “begging their bit.” I have known the wife hide her illness and suffering from her husband, that he might not fret, or spend his money in trying to get her bread, when she was unable to swallow potatoes. I have known them give up the likelihood of permanent employment in a distant part of the country, in order to stay and watch the last years of their helpless parents—as a poor woman at Balrothery said to me, “Sure I would not leave my mother, if the paving-stones of the road were made of silver;” and I have seen an old, miserable, half-blind hen cherished more than the “laying pullet,” whose eggs were to purchase the only new clothing that was to cover the child,—I have seen this hen helped to her perch

near the fire, because it had been the mother’s hen—the last remaining token of the parent who had been buried ten years ago!

SEASONING is in cookery, what chords are in music; the best instrument in the hands of the best professor, without its being in tune, is insipid.—*Ude*.

#### FRENCH COOKERY.

THAT national old lady, Mrs. Glasse, has the following amusing passage on French cookery. “If gentlemen will have French cooks, they must pay for French tricks. A Frenchman in his own country, will dress a fine dinner of twenty dishes, and all genteel and pretty, for the expense he will put an English lord to for one dish. But then there is the little petty profit. I have heard of a cook that used six pounds of butter to fry twelve eggs, when everybody knows (that understands cooking,) that half a pound is full enough or more than need be used; but then it would not be French. So much is the blind folly of this age, that they would rather be imposed on by a French booby, than give encouragement to a good English cook.”

#### NEW SOUTH WALES.

A COACH and four horses might be driven through the most parts of this open country without any fear of obstacles; indeed the character of the scenery is so identically similar to the admired parks of England, that had a barouche and four, with outriders, been driven past, there would have been nothing incongruous, or even remarkable in it, so exactly suited is the country for the equipage, and the equipage for the country.—*Rambler in New South Wales*.

COOKERY is an art which requires much time, intelligence, and activity, to be acquired in its perfection. Every man is not born with the qualifications necessary to constitute a good cook. Music, dancing, fencing, painting, and mechanics in general, possess professors under twenty years of age, whereas, in the first line of cookery pre-eminence never occurs under thirty.—*Ude*.

#### MINERAL WATERS OF CARLSBAD.

THESE celebrated springs are situated in Bohemia, and were originally discovered by the Emperor Charles IV. whilst engaged in the pleasures of the chase. Being attracted into the rocky glen, where they rise, by the howling of one of his hounds, he perceived the animal struggling in the hot well, into which it had

fallen whilst in pursuit of a stag. This occurred in the November of 1344, the year of the memorable battle of Cressy, wherein the emperor had been wounded in the thigh, whilst fighting under the banners of Philip II. of France. Charles was subsequently induced by his physician, Peter Baier, to try the recently discovered waters for a protracted evil, arising out of his wound, and from the success attending their use, the springs were named after this prince.

The origin of these wells must have taken place at an extremely remote period. Professor Berzelius assumes it to have been coeval with the violent revolutions in nature, by which the valley of Carlsbad was created; which hypothesis is strongly supported by the circumstance, that the covering of the subterraneous reservoir (called there the kettle) of the Sprudel-fountain, composes, for a considerable extent, the actual bed of the river Tepel, and must, therefore, have existed before the valley was excavated to its present depth by the river. The lid, as it were, of this boiler, in some places eight feet in thickness, is composed of the earths precipitated from the water. It represents a lime-stone of the hardness of marble, assumes a polish, and consists of parallel strata, varying in every shade, from dark brown to yellow and white. Over this lid, which is of considerable extent, the greater part of the town of Carlsbad is built, and the water issues forth through several openings, which it is found requisite to widen, from time to time, by boring, to prevent the dangerous consequences of an explosion of the lid. —*Brande's Journal.*

It appears from the researches of M. Adrian Balbi, that upwards of 3,168 periodicals are published in the world. Of these 2,142 are published in Europe, 978 in America, 27 in Asia, 12 in Africa, 9 in Oceania. The greatest rage for periodical literature appears to exist among the English, and the states of English origin; for out of 3,168 periodical works published in the world, 1,378 belong to the English race, leaving for all the rest of mankind only 1,790. It is in the United States of America, however, that this passion prevails most strongly; for, with a population of only eleven millions, that country has 800 journals; whilst the British monarchy, with a population of 142 millions, has no more than 588 periodicals. —*Weekly Rev.*

THE Rev. Mr. Stebbing, in his Lecture on Periodical Literature, thus speaks of the present system of reviewing by ex-

tracts:—"Whether the extracts be of a lighter or more serious nature, whether they are made from a work on philosophy or the last new novel, they are leaves taken from the great chronicle of the literary world; are impressed with the life and freshness of present feeling and sentiment; are specimens of the intellectual power to which the world is at the time bowing, and are fitted to teach a man in retirement with what success the work of mental improvement, or moral amelioration, is proceeding."

#### WOMAN.

A WOMAN who has the beauty of feminine delicacy and grace—who has the strong sense of a man, yet softened and refined by the influence of womanly feeling—whose passions are strong, but chastened and directed by delicacy and principle—whose mind is brilliant, alike from its natural emanations and its stores of acquirement—whose manners have been formed by the imperceptible influence of good society, in its broad sense, yet are totally free from the consciousness and affectation of any *clique*, though it be the highest—who, though she shines in and enjoys the world, finds her heart's happiness at home—is not *this* the noblest and the sweetest of the creatures formed by God?—*London Mag.*

### SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

#### THE BEINGS OF THE MIND.

"The Beings of the Mind are not of clay;  
Essentially immortal, they create  
And multiply in us a brighter ray,  
And more beloved existence: that which Fate  
Prohibits to dull life, in this our state  
Of mortal bondage, by these spirits supplied  
First exiles, then replaces what we hate;  
Watering the heart whose early flowers have  
died,  
And with a fresher growth replenishing the void."  
*Childe Harold.*

Come to me with your triumphs and your woes,  
Ye forms to life by glorious poets brought!  
I sit alone with flowers and vernal boughs,  
In the deep shadow of a voiceless thought;  
Midst the glad music of the spring alone,  
And sorrowful for visions that are gone.  
Come to me! make your thrilling whispers heard,  
Ye, by those masters of the soul endow'd  
With life and love, and many a burning word,  
That bursts from grief, like lightning from a  
cloud,  
And smites the heart, till all its chords reply,  
As leaves make answer when the wind sweeps by.  
Come to me! visit my dim haunt!—the sound  
Of hidden springs is in the grass beneath,  
The stock-dove's note above, and all around  
The poetry that with the violet's breath  
Floats through the air, in rich and sudden  
streams,  
Mingling, like music, with the soul's deep dreams

Friends, friends!—for such to my lone heart ye  
are,—

Uchanging ones! from whose immortal eyes  
The glory melts not as a waning star,  
And the sweet kindness never, never dies,  
Bright Children of the Bard! o'er this green dell  
Pass once again, and light it with your spell.

Imogen, fair Fidele! meekly blending  
In patient grief, "a smiling with a sigh,"  
And thou, Cordelia! faithful daughter, tending  
That sire, an outcast to the bitter sky,  
Thou of the soft low voice!†—thou art not gone!  
Still breathest for me its faint and flute-like tone.

And come to me! sing me thy willow-strain,  
Sweet Desdemona! with the sad surprise  
In thy beseeching glance, where still, though  
vain,

Undimm'd, unquenchable affection lies—  
Come, bowing thy young head to wrong and  
scorn,

As a frail hyacinth by showers o'erborne.

And thou too, fair Ophelia! flowers are here,  
That well might win thy footsteps to the spot—  
Pale cowslips, meet for maiden's early bier,  
And pansies for sad thought!—but needed not.  
Come with thy wreaths, and all the love and  
light

In that wild eye still tremulously bright!

And Juliet, vision of the South! enshrining  
All gifts that unto its rich Heaven belong,  
The glow, the sweetness, in its rose combining.  
The soul its nightingales pour forth in song;  
Thou, making death deep joy—but couldst thou  
die?

No! thy young love hath immortality!

From Earth's bright faces fades the light of morn,  
From Earth's glad voices drops the joyous tone;  
But ye, the Children of the Soul, were born  
Deathless, and for undying love alone;  
And, oh! ye Beautiful! 'tis well, how well,  
In the soul's world with you, where change is  
not, to dwell!

*New Monthly Magazine.*

\* ——— "Nobly he yokes  
A smiling with a sigh."—*Cymbeline*, Act 4th.

† ——— "Her voice was ever soft,  
Gentle and low."—*Lear*, Act 5th.

‡ ——— "There is pauses, that's for thoughts."—  
*Hamlet*, Act 4th.

## Arcana of Science.

### Earthquakes in 1827.

Jan. 2.—At Mortagne (Orne) and the  
environs. A violent shock of short du-  
ration, accompanied with an intense noise.  
Chimneys and household furniture were  
thrown down. The commotion reached  
as far as Alençon. The day was cloudy,  
the weather thick and stormy, which is  
not usual at that time of the year.

Feb. 9.—At seven o'clock in the even-  
ing; in the north-west part of Wales and  
the Isle of Anglesea. The shocks con-  
tinued from forty seconds to a minute;  
they were sufficiently violent to overturn  
several pieces of furniture. A noise was  
heard like that of a heavy laden cart going  
on the stones.

April 2.—At Bevers, at twenty minutes  
past one in the morning; two strong con-  
secutive shocks. The inhabitants of  
Basse-Engadine assert that they counted  
twenty similar shocks during the winter.

May 29.—At Vajaca, in Mexico; two  
slight shocks.

June 3.—At Martinique; a slight  
shock.

June 12.—At Tehenacan, in Mexico,  
at half-past one o'clock; a violent shock,  
with a frightful noise. Many buildings  
damaged.

June 16.—At Aquila, in the kingdom  
of Naples; a shock at five o'clock in the  
morning.

June 21.—At Palermo, at eleven o'clock  
in the morning. Four strong shocks in  
the space of seven seconds; it was an  
oscillatory motion from the west to the  
east.

Aug. 14.—At Palermo, at 2 P.M.  
Several shocks; they continued about  
eighteen minutes, with very short inter-  
vals; the motion was always oscillatory.

Sept. 18.—At Lisbon. A slight shock.

Oct. 10.—At Zurich, and all the shores  
of the lake, at twelve minutes before 3  
P.M. A strong shock.

Oct. 15.—At Jassy, at eight in the  
evening. Two violent shocks, directed  
from north to south, and accompanied by  
a subterraneous noise: two or three days  
after the heat was very great.

Oct. 30.—At Corsica, in the cantons of  
Taravo, Taliano, and Sartène. Two  
shocks at twenty minutes past 5, A.M.

Nov. 30.—At Pointe-à-Petre, Guada-  
loupe, at three in the morning. Violent  
earthquake. At Mariegalante it was pre-  
ceded by a strong and sudden storm.—  
*Ann. de Chimie.*

### Weather in Paris.

The following was the state of the  
weather during the last year in Paris:—

Rain ..	146 days.
Snow ..	21
Hail or hoar frost ...	6
Frost ..	59
Thunder.....	21
Very cloudy .....	178

*Ann. de Chimie*

### USEFUL HINTS.

#### Corns.

Dr. Brown, one of the physicians of  
the New York Hospital, in a practical  
dissertation on the use of lunar caustic,  
has given the following directions for re-  
moving corns, which he says he has found  
more successful than any plan that has  
been recommended:—"After bathing  
the foot in warm water (at bed time) till  
the corn becomes considerably softened,  
shave the substance down with a knife or  
scalpel, but not so close as to occasion  
bleeding; then moisten the surface with  
saliva, and rub over it the lunar caustic.  
The application of this article should be

extended a little beyond the edges of the corn, and continued till such a quantity adheres, as, in a short time, will change it to a dark grey, and eventually completely black. There is no hazard in applying too much, especially on the corn itself. A little raw cotton or lint should be then applied over the part, so as to prevent its coming in contact with the stocking. In about four or six days the part acted upon by the caustic will peel off, including every vestige of corn, leaving the part quite smooth, and of a natural appearance. In this manner," says Dr. Brown, "I have often *radically* and *permanently* removed corns." The exciting cause, namely, tight shoes, should be avoided. Some surgeons prefer the gradual removal of a corn by slightly rubbing the lunar caustic over the part every third day, (after removing the substance by a knife in the manner above directed.) When thus used it excites no irritation or pain, and the part on which it has acted is in four days removed. To destroy the disposition in the part to a recurrence of the disease, a discutient plaster, (composed of soap cerate, camphor, and calomel,) spread on leather, should be worn over it.—*Gaz. Health.*

#### *Tobacco.*

Dr. Chapman has found the inhalation of the vapour of tobacco to succeed in several cases of spasms about the upper part of the windpipe, approaching either to spasmodic croup or spasmodic asthma. He recommends the vapour to be produced by smoking a cigar, during which the patient should frequently attempt to make a deep inspiration, so that the internal surface of the air-vessels may be exposed to the action of the vapour.—*Ibid.*

#### *The Royal Italian Blacking, much used in Italy and France.*

Take of ivory black 9 pounds, lamp black 4 ounces, treacle 9 pounds, olive oil 12 ounces, gum arabic 4 ounces, green copperas 6 ounces, common vinegar 4 gallons. Dissolve the gum arabic in 4 ounces of water, and mix all the articles with it in an open vessel, and when well blended, add gradually (briskly stirring the mixture) eight ounces of oil of vitriol. The composition, after standing two days, (during which time it should be well stirred up twice a day with a wooden spatula,) will be fit for use.—*Ibid.*

### **The Sketch Book.**

#### THE SEXTON OF COLOGNE.

In the year 1571, there lived at Cologne a rich burgomaster, whose wife, Adelaide,

then in the prime of her youth and beauty, fell sick and died. They had lived very happily together, and, throughout her fatal illness, the doting husband scarcely quitted her bedside for an instant. During the latter period of her sickness, she did not suffer greatly; but the fainting fits grew more and more frequent, and of increasing duration, till at length they became incessant, and she finally sank under them.

It is well known that Cologne is a city which, as far as respects religion, may compare itself with Rome; on which account it was called, even in the middle ages, *Roma Germanica*, and sometimes the *Sacred City*. It seemed as if, in after times, it wished to compensate by piety the misfortune of having been the birth-place of the abominable Agrippina. For many years nothing else was seen but priests, students, and mendicant monks; while the bells were ringing and tolling from morning till night. Even now you may count in it as many churches and cloisters as the year has days.

The principal church is the cathedral of St. Peter—one of the handsomest buildings in all Germany, though still not so complete as it was probably intended by the architect. The choir alone is arched. The chief altar is a single block of black marble, brought along the Rhine to Cologne, from Namur upon the Maas. In the sacristy an ivory rod is shown, said to have belonged to the apostle Peter; and in a chapel stands a gilded coffin, with the names of the holy Three Kings inscribed. Their skulls are visible through an opening—two being white, as belonging to Caspar and Baltesar—the third black, for Melchior. It is easy to be understood that these remarkable relics, rendered sacred by time, make a deep impression on the imagination of the Catholics; and that the three skulls, with their jewels and silver setting, are convincing proofs of genuineness to religious feelings—though a glance at history is sufficient to shew their spuriousness.

It was in this church that Adelaide was buried with great splendour. In the spirit of that age, which had more feeling for the solid than real taste—more devotion and confidence than unbelieving fear—she was dressed as a bride in flowered silk, a motley garland upon her head, and her pale fingers covered with costly rings; in which state she was conveyed to the vault of a little chapel, directly under the choir, in a coffin with glass windows. Many of her forefathers were already resting here, all embalmed, and, with their mummy forms, offering a strange contrast to the silver and gold with which

they were decorated, and teaching, in a peculiar fashion, the difference between the perishable and the imperishable. The custom of embalming was, in the present instance, given up; the place was full; and, when Adelaide was buried, it was settled that no one else should be laid there for the future.

With heavy heart had Adolph followed his wife to her final resting-place. The turret-bells, of two hundred and twenty hundred weight, lifted up their deep voices, and spread the sounds of mourning through the wide city; while the monks, carrying tapers and scattering incense, sang requiems from their huge vellum folios, which were spread upon the music-desks in the choir. But the service was now over; the dead lay alone with the dead; the immense clock, which is only wound up once a year, and shows the course of the planets, as well as the hours of the day, was the only thing that had sound or motion in the whole cathedral. Its monotonous ticking seemed to mock the silent grave.

It was a stormy November evening, when Petier Bolt, the sexton of St. Peter's, was returning home after this splendid funeral. The poor man, who had been married four years, had one child, a daughter, which his wife brought him in the second year of their marriage, and was again expecting her confinement. It was, therefore, with a heavy heart that he had left the church for his cottage, which lay damp and cold on the banks of a river, and which, at this dull season, looked more gloomy than ever. At the door he was met by the little Maria, who called out with great delight, "You must not go up stairs, father; the stork has been here, and brought Maria a little brother!"—a piece of information more expected than agreeable, and which was soon after confirmed by the appearance of his sister-in-law with a healthy infant in her arms. His wife, however, had suffered much, and was in a state that required assistance far beyond his means to supply. In this distress he bethought himself of the Jew, Isaac, who had lately advanced him a trifle on his old silver watch; but now, unfortunately, he had nothing more to pledge, and was forced to ground all his hopes on the Jew's compassion—a very unsafe anchorage. With doubtful steps he sought the house of the miser, and told his tale amidst tears and sighs; to all of which Isaac listened with great patience—so much so, indeed, that Bolt began to flatter himself with a favourable answer to his petition. But he was disappointed; the Jew, having heard him out, coolly replied, "that he could lend

no monies on a child—it was no good pledge."

With bitter execrations on the usurer's hardheartedness, poor Bolt rushed from his door; when, to aggravate his situation, the first snow of the season began to fall, and that so thick and fast, that, in a very short time, the house-tops presented a single field of white. Immersed in his grief, he missed his way across the market-place, and, when he least expected such a thing, found himself in the front of the cathedral. The great clock chimed three quarters—it wanted then a quarter to twelve. Where was he to look for assistance at such an hour, or, indeed, at any hour? He had already applied to the rich prelates, and got from them all that their charity was likely to give. Suddenly a thought struck him like lightning: he saw his little Maria crying for the food he could not give her—his sick wife, lying in bed, with the infant on her exhausted bosom—and then Adelaide, in her splendid coffin, and her hand glittering with jewels that it could not grasp. "Of what use are diamonds to her now?" said he to himself. "Is there any sin in robbing the dead to give to the living? I would not do such a thing for myself if I were starving—no, heaven forbid! But for my wife and child—ah! that's quite another matter."

Quieting his conscience as well as he could with this opiote, he hurried home to get the necessary implements; but, by the time he reached his own door, his resolution began to waver. The sight, however, of his wife's distress wrought him up again to the sticking-place; and having provided himself with a dark lantern, the church-keys, and a crow to break open the coffin, he set out for the cathedral. On the way, all manner of strange fancies crossed him: the earth seemed to shake beneath him—it was the tottering of his own limbs: a figure seemed to sign him back—it was the shade thrown from some column, that waved to and fro as the lamp-light flickered in the night wind. But still the thought of home drove him on; and even the badness of the weather carried this consolation with it—he was the more likely to find the streets clear, and escape detection.

He had now reached the cathedral. For a moment he paused on the steps, and then, taking heart, put the huge key into the lock. To his fancy, it had never opened with such readiness before. The bolt shot back at the light touch of the key, and he stood alone in the church, trembling from head to foot. Still it was requisite to close the door behind him, lest its being open should be seen by any

one passing by, and give rise to suspicion; and, as he did so, the story came across his mind of the man who had visited a church at midnight to show his courage. For a sign that he had really been there, he was to stick his knife into a coffin; but, in his hurry and trepidation, he struck it through the skirt of his coat without being aware of it, and, supposing himself held back by some supernatural agency, dropt down dead from terror.

Full of these unpleasant recollections he tottered up the nave; and, as the light successively flashed upon the sculptured marbles, it seemed to him as if the pale figures frowned ominously upon him. But desperation supplied the place of courage. He kept on his way to the choir—descended the steps—passed through the long, narrow passage, with the dead heaped up on either side—opened Adelaide's chapel, and stood at once before her coffin. There she lay, stiff and pale—the wreath in her hair, and the jewels on her fingers, gleaming strangely in the dim lights of the lantern. He even fancied that he already smelt the pestilential breath of decay, though it was full early for corruption to have begun his work. A sickness seized him at the thought, and he leaned for support against one of the columns, with his eyes fixed on the coffin; when—was it real, or was it illusion?—a change came over the face of the dead! He started back; and that change, so indescribable, had passed away in an instant, leaving a darker shadow on the features.

"If I had only time," he said to himself—"if I had only time, I would rather break open one of the other coffins, and leave the lady Adelaide in quiet. Age has destroyed all that is human in these mummies; they have lost that resemblance to life, which makes the dead so terrible, and I should no more mind handling them than so many dry bones. It's all nonsense, though; one is as harmless as the other, and since the lady Adelaide's house is the easiest for my work, I must e'en set about it."

But the coffin did not offer the facilities he reckoned upon with so much certainty. The glass windows were secured inwardly with iron wire, leaving no space for the admission of the hand, so that he found himself obliged to break the lid to pieces, a task that, with his imperfect implements, cost both time and labour. As the wood splintered and cracked under the heavy blows of the iron, the cold perspiration poured in streams down his face, the sound assuring him more than all the rest that he was committing sacrilege. Before, it was only the place, with its dark

associations, that had terrified him; now he began to be afraid of himself, and would, without doubt, have given up the business altogether, if the lid had not suddenly flown to pieces. Alarmed at his very success, he started round, as if expecting to see some one behind, watching his sacrilege, and ready to clutch him; and so strong had been the illusion, that, when he found this was not the case, he fell upon his knees before the coffin, exclaiming, "Forgive me, dear lady, if I take from you what is of no use to yourself, while a single diamond will make a poor family so happy. It is not for myself—oh no!—it is for my wife and children"

He thought the dead looked more kindly at him as he spoke thus, and certainly the livid shadow had passed away from her face. Without more delay, he raised the cold hand to draw the rings from its fingers; but what was his horror when the dead returned his grasp!—his hand was clutched, ay, firmly clutched, though that rigid face and form lay there as fixed and motionless as ever. With a cry of horror he burst away, not retaining so much presence of mind as to think of the light which he left burning by the coffin. This, however, was of little consequence; fear can find its way in the dark, and he rushed through the vaulted passage, up the steps, through the choir, and would have found his way out, had he not, in his reckless hurry, forgotten the stone, called the *Devil's Stone*, which lies in the middle of the church, and which, according to the legend, was cast there by the Devil. This much is certain,—it has fallen from the arch, and they still show a hole above, through which it is said to have been hurled.

Against this stone the unlucky sexton stumbled, just as the turret-clock struck twelve, and immediately he fell to the earth in a deathlike swoon. The cold, however, soon brought him to himself, and on recovering his senses he again fled, winged by terror, and fully convinced that he had no hope of escaping the vengeance of the dead, except by the confession of his crime, and gaining the forgiveness of her family. With this view he hurried across the market-place to the Burgomaster's house where he had to knock long before he could attract any notice. The whole household lay in a profound sleep, with the exception of the unhappy Adolph, who was now sitting alone on the same sofa where he had so often sat with his Adelaide. Her picture hung on the wall opposite to him, though it might rather be said to feed his grief than to afford him any consolation. And



yet, as most would do under such circumstances, he dwelt upon it the more intently even from the pain it gave him, and it was not till the sexton had knocked repeatedly that he awoke from his melancholy dreams. Roused at last, he opened the window and inquired who it was that disturbed him at such an unseasonable hour? "It is only I, Mr. Burgomaster," was the answer. "And who are you?" again asked Adolph. "Bolt, the sexton of St. Peter's, Mr. Burgomaster; I have a thing of the utmost importance to discover to you." Naturally associating the idea of Adelaide with the sexton of the church where she was buried, Adolph was immediately anxious to know something more of the matter, and, taking up a wax-light, he hastened down stairs, and himself opened the door to Bolt.

"What have you to say to me?" he exclaimed. "Not here, Mr. Burgomaster," replied the anxious sexton; "not here—we may be overheard."

Adolph, though wondering at this affectation of mystery, motioned him in, and closed the door; when Bolt, throwing himself at his feet, confessed all that had happened. The anger of Adolph was mixed with compassion as he listened to the strange recital; nor could he refuse to Bolt the absolution which the poor fellow deemed so essential to his future security from the vengeance of the dead. At the same time he cautioned him to maintain a profound silence on the subject towards every one else, as otherwise the sacrilege might be attended with serious consequences—it not being likely that the ecclesiastics, to whom the judgment of such matters belonged, would view his fault with equal indulgence. He even resolved to go himself to the church with Bolt, that he might investigate the affair more thoroughly. But to this proposition the sexton gave a prompt and positive denial. "I would rather," he exclaimed, "I would rather be dragged to the scaffold than again disturb the repose of the dead." This declaration, so ill-timed, confounded Adolph. On the one hand, he felt an undefined curiosity to look more narrowly into this mysterious business; on the other hand, he could not help feeling compassion for the sexton, who, it was evident, was labouring under the influence of a delusion which he was utterly unable to subdue. The poor fellow trembled all over, as if shaken by an ague-fit, and painted the situation of his wife and his pressing poverty with such a pale face and such despair in his eyes, that he might himself have passed for a church-yard spectre. The Burgomaster again admonished him to be silent

for fear of the consequences, and, giving him a couple of dollars to relieve his immediate wants, sent him home to his wife and family.

Being thus deprived of his most natural ally on this occasion, Adolph summoned an old and confidential servant, of whose secrecy he could have no doubt. To his question of—"Do you fear the dead?"—Hans stoutly replied, "They are not half so dangerous as the living?"

"Indeed!" said the Burgomaster. "Do you think, then, that you have courage enough to go into the church at night?"—"In the way of my duty, yes," replied Hans; "not otherwise. It is not right to trifle with holy matters."

"Do you believe in ghosts, Hans?" continued Adolph—"Yes, Mr. Burgomaster."

"Do you fear them?"—"No, Mr. Burgomaster. I hold by God, and he holds up me; and God is the strongest."

"Will you go with me to the cathedral, Hans? I have had a strange dream to-night; it seemed to me as if my deceased wife called to me from the steeple window."—"I see how it is," answered Hans; "the sexton has been with you, and put this whim into your head, Mr. Burgomaster. These grave-diggers are always seeing ghosts."

"Put a light into your lantern," said Adolph, avoiding a direct reply to this observation of the old man. "Be silent, and follow me."—"If you bid me," said Hans, "I must of course obey; for you are my magistrate as well as my master."

Herewith he lit the candle in the lantern, and followed his master without farther opposition.

Adolph hurried into the church with hasty steps; but the old man, who went before him to shew the way, delayed him with his reflections—so that their progress was but slow. Even at the threshold he stopt, and flung the light of his lantern upon the gilded rods over the door, to which it is the custom to add a fresh one every year, that people may know how long the reigning elector has lived.

"That is an excellent custom," said Hans; "one has only to count those staves, and one learns immediately how long the gracious elector has governed us simple men."

"Excellent!" replied Adolph; "but go on."

Hans, however, had too long been indulged in his odd, wayward habits, to quicken his pace at this admonition. Not a monument would he pass without first stopping to examine it by the lantern-light, and requesting the Burgomaster to



explain its inscription. In short, he behaved like a traveller, who was taking the opportunity of seeing the curiosities of the cathedral, although he had spent his three-and-sixty years in Cologne, and, during that period, had been in the habit of freighting it almost daily.

Adolph, who well knew that no representations would avail him, submitted patiently to the humours of his old servant, contenting himself with answering his questions as briefly as possible; and in this way they at last got to the high altar. Here Hans made a sudden stop, and was not to be brought any farther.

"Quick!" exclaimed the Burgomaster, who was beginning to lose his patience, for his heart throbbed with expectation.

"Heaven and all good angels defend us!" murmured Hans through his chattering teeth, while he in vain felt for his rosary, which yet hung as usual at his girdle.

"What is the matter now?" cried Adolph.

"Do you see who sits there?" replied Hans.

"Where?" exclaimed his master; "I see nothing; hold up the lantern."

"Heaven shield us!" cried the old man; "there sits our deceased lady on the altar, in a long, white veil, and drinks out of the sacramental cup!"

With a trembling hand he held up the lantern in the direction to which he pointed. It was, indeed, as he had said. There she sat, with the paleness of death upon her face—her white garments waving heavily in the night wind, that rushed through the aisles of the church—and holding the silver goblet to her lips with long, bony arms, wasted by protracted illness. Even Adolph's courage began to waver. "Adelaide," he cried, "I conjure you in the name of the blessed Trinity, answer me—is it thy living self, or but thy shadow?"

"Ah!" replied a faint voice, "you buried me alive, and, but for this wine, I had perished from exhaustion. Come up to me, dear Adolph; I am no shadow—but I soon shall be with shadows, unless I receive your speedy succour."

"Go not near her!" said Hans; "it is the Evil One, that has assumed the blessed shape of my lady to destroy you."

"Away, old man!" exclaimed Adolph, bursting from the feeble grasp of his servant, and rushing up the steps of the altar.

It was, indeed, Adelaide that he held in his eager embrace—the warm and living Adelaide!—who had been buried for dead in her long trance, and had only

escaped from the grave by the sacrilegious daring of—*The Sexton of Cologne.*

*Monthly Magazine.*

## The Gatherer.

"A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles."

SHAKESPEARE.

### EST FACILIS DESCENSUS AVERNI.

A CORNISH gentleman having a dispute concerning several shares in different mines, found it necessary to send for a London limb of the law to have some conversation with the witnesses, examine the title deeds, view the premises, &c. The divine very soon found that his legal assistant was as great a rogue as was ever struck off the rolls. However, as he thought his knowledge might be useful, he showed him his papers, took him to compare the surveyor's drawing, with the situation of the pit, &c. When in one of these excursions, the professional gentleman was descending a deep shaft by means of a rope which he held in his hand, he called out to the parson, who stood at the top, "Doctor, as you have not confined your studies to geography, but know all things from the surface to the centre, pray how far is it from this pit to the infernal regions?" "I cannot exactly ascertain the distance," replied the divine, "but if you let go your hold you will be there in a minute."

A SAILOR is a drunken sot,

And he sha'n't wed my daughter,

How can that be, have you forgot

A sailor lives on water.

I LAUGH, a would-be sapient cried,

At every one that laughs at me,

Good luck! a merry friend replied,

How very merry you must be.

### IN LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

HERE lieth ye body of Michael Honeywood, D. D. who was grandchild, and one of ye 367 persons that Mary the wife of Richd. H. Esq. did see before she died, lawfully descended from her, that is, 16 of her own body, 114 grandchildren, 228 of the third generation, and 9 of ye fourth.

THE customary Supplement, published with the present Number, contains a fine PORTRAIT of the late CAPTAIN CLAPPERTON, engraved on Steel from an original drawing expressly for THE MIRROR, and accompanied by an original MEMOIR: and the Title-page, Preface, Index, &c. to complete Vol. XI.

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| 2. ——— Front View.                                      | 21. Well at Esher.  |
| 3. ——— Long Gallery.                                    | 22. East Gate, Regent's Park.   |
| 4. New Post Office.                                     | 23. Johnson's Retreat, Streatham Park.                                |
| 5. The Lemming.   | 24. Village of Unterseen, from one of<br>the Pictures at the Diorama. |
| 6. Canongate, Edinburgh.                                | 25. St. Katherine's Church and Hos-<br>pital.                         |
| 7. Ancient Cross, Bakewell Church-<br>yard.             | 26. Sir H. Taylor's House, Regent's<br>Park.                          |
| 8. New Hall, Christ's Hospital.                         | 27. London, from an Arch of Waterloo<br>Bridge.                       |
| 9. Rosyth Tower.  | 28. Birthplace of Tasso.  |
| 10. French Slaughter House.                             | 29. St. Philip's Chapel, Regent Street.                               |
| 11. Napoleon's Triumphal Pillar.                        | 30. Imperial Bee-Hive.  |
| 12. The North Cape.                                     | 31. Old Clock-House, Westminster.                                     |
| 13. Nonsuch Palace.                                     | 32. Hogarth's Masquerade Clock.                                       |
| 14. Isaac Walton's House.                               | 33. Halifax Church, Yorkshire.  |
| 15. New Exchange at Paris.                              | 34. Ulster Terrace, Regent's Park.                                    |
| 16. Brunswick Theatre.                                  | 35. Chillon.  |
| 17. St. Mary's Church, Haggerstone.                     | 36. New Corn Exchange, Mark Lane.                                     |
| 18. Somer's Town Chapel.                                |   |
| 19. The Mock Election, from Haydon's<br>Picture.        |   |

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